Journeys End

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/42186519.

Rating:
Teen And Up Audiences

Archive Warning:
No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
Transformers - All Media Types

Relationship:
Jazz/Prowl (Transformers)

Characters:
Jazz (Transformers), Prowl (Transformers), Bluestreak (Transformers)

Additional Tags:
Mentions of Hound/Mirage, Mentions of Megatron/Optimus, Baby Bluestreak, Well Little Kid Bluestreak, Soulmates, Soulmate-Identifying Marks, Bullying, Orphans, Non-graphic injuries, Hospital, fluff mostly, I actually made an OC for this, i never do that

Language:
English

Collections:
Transformers Big Bang 2022

Stats:
Published: 2022-10-06 Words: 10,150 Chapters: 5/5

Journeys End

by saphire_dance

Summary

Prowl has given up on finding his soulmate

Jazz has traveled the world looking for his

A highspeed chase and and endangered youngling leads to them finding each other in a most spectacular fashion.

Or The one where Prowl runs into his Soulmate literally.

Notes

It’s been a wild ride. Anyone familiar with my work knows I don’t normally write things this long. Thanks to the mods of the TF Big Bang for hosting this incredible event.

Art by the amazing Error404_drawnotfound find them on Tumblr and Instagram

Beta by Alruin .
Any bad grammar remaining is all on me.

Title and Chapter Titles are from Optimus' favorite poem from Twelfth Night by William Shakespeare.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: Lovers Meeting

“Suspect is southbound on Crystalline. In pursuit.” Prowl barely heard dispatch’s reply over the thrum of his spark. It was a strange coincidence this case had brought him to this neighborhood. Familiar residences flashed by as he sped up, his sirens wailing. He’d grown up in a youngling center only a few blocks from here. Just this morning he promised his mentor he would come to dinner soon to meet his newest fosterling.

Was the kid going to the academy yet? Prowl hoped not. Classes would be letting out just now and the suspect, a mech their informant had referred to as Runner, was heading directly for the park that was midway between the academy and the youngling center. Prowl remembered the park as being very busy this time of day, filled with vendors and entertainers at the end of the school day.

The park was just as busy as Prowl had feared, a street musician playing near the corner, several families milling about, and a youngling crossing the street. Prowl pushed his sensors to the limit, his tac suite trying to find a solution to end the chase before disaster struck. Calculations flowed, then settled on a solution. Imperfect and dangerous, but given the choice between injury to himself or to the youngling, it was a choice easily made.

Prowl redlined his engine until he was as close as he dared. There was a trick to keeping your momentum through a transformation sequence and Prowl hadn’t used it since he’d passed his enforcer courses. But Primus was with him today and he vaulted over the suspect. He slid down Runner’s hood, diving for the youngling. There was a high probability (87.365%) that he would be hit by Runner as he rolled them away, but the little one would be safe.

The youngling was not where he had calculated. Instead, Prowl crashed into the street musician. Prowl’s carefully calculated roll was off too. He’d accounted for the weight of a small juvenile frame (an estimated 1-1.3 thousand kilos) and while the street musician was a lighter foreign frame (1.6-1.9 thousand kilos) he still wasn’t light enough (approximately 38% heavier than expected). Runner clipped them as he sped through the crosswalk sending them rolling into the intersection as he spun off, slamming into a lightpost.

Prowl could feel his processor starting to lock up. The street musician hadn’t entered his calculations at all. Why would he? He was a

foreigner. He wasn't a first responder. There was no reason for him to risk himself for a Praxian youngling. Yet even before they stopped rolling he was reaching out for the youngling, calling his name, "Blue!"

The loop he was about to be caught in shattered. The musician did know the youngling. Likely creator-creation (83% likelihood). His calculations had been correct based on the information he'd had at the time and with this new knowledge, of course the musician had interceded. His actions made perfect sense, soothing Prowl's logic tic.

"Are you injured?" Prowl asked as he cataloged his own damage. He'd cracked a strut in his left arm and the various scrapes from sliding along the road would need careful attention to avoid rust. The musician whipped his gaze away from the youngling, visor flickering as he looked up at Prowl.

One of the musician's horns was cracked and sparking. He chirped an octal melody that faded off, his visor flickering one last time before going dark. Prowl gasped as his sparkmark flared to life, finally making the connection it had promised years ago. He didn't have time to think about this mech being his sparkmate. Quickly he checked that the mech's sparkpulse was still stable and disentangled himself from his unconscious form.

Strongarm and Cordon were already pulling up to the scene as Prowl quickly reported the situation to dispatch. He waved Strongarm back, they needed to deal with Runner. Prowl could wait until the medics arrived.

Prowl caught the wailing youngling (Blue? He'd called him Blue right?) as he scrambled towards his creator. It was possible he had broken a strut, not just cracked it. His whole arm ached, drowning out the warm flare at his wrist. He was terrible with younglings. Primus, he hoped he didn't mess this up. "Blue, right? Your creator called you Blue?"

The kid sniffled going limp in Prowl's grip, but he nodded. "That's good, Blue. Can you tell me his name?"

"Jazz. He… He…" the youngling started hiccuping and crying again. Prowl hugged him awkwardly, patting between his wings and urgently pinging his tactical suite for the files on how to deal with distraught younglings.

"He's going to be alright. I need you to do something for us. Here,

look at me?" He waited until Blue looked up at him and he carefully brushed the solvent tears from his cheeks. "Can you go to where Jazz was playing and pack up his instrument? Then you can come back and sit with me until the medic comes. Then Jazz won't have anything to worry about when he wakes up." And the mission would distract Blue long enough for the medics to arrive.

Blue nodded and shakily got to his feet. Prowl spared a glance to where Strongarm, Cordon, and now Nightbeat were dealing with Runner. He was out of his alt mode now, sitting on the sidewalk holding his helm in his stasis-cuffed hands. It looked like they had everything under control. Just as well, Prowl would be off the case now anyway.

He gave his full attention to Jazz and Blue, watching as Blue carefully picked up Jazz's instrument, an Aghartan electro-bass, putting it in the case along with the credit chits Jazz had earned while playing earlier. A few mechs slipped some more credits to Blue before he closed the case. Blue hugged the large case close to his chassis, making his way slowly back to Prowl and Jazz. He looked both ways before stepping into the street, even though the intersection was now blocked off by the enforcers. It was adorable. Prowl had never considered having a family of his own before. Seeing that his sparkmatch already had a youngling was making him quickly rethink things. Blue managed a smile when he got to Prowl. "I did it."

"You did. Good job." he squeezed Blue's shoulder with his uninjured hand. He could hear the sirens of the medics taper off as they arrived. He looked up to see two of them split off in their direction, while a third went to see to the suspect. He was relieved to see Triage among them.

Prowl reported his account of the crash and his assessment of Jazz's condition as quickly as possible, letting them take over the scene. It didn't take them long to get Jazz prepped for transit and Prowl gently urged Blue into the medic's bay with his creator. Prowl's spark felt torn, letting Jazz out of his sight so soon after finally finding him, but it was only right that Blue go with Jazz.

"Never took you as one soft for kids." Triage began scanning him as he watched the other ambulance drive off.

"I could be." He would need to learn to be. His sparkmate already had a creation. Was the other creator still involved? Would he be breaking apart their family? Prowl felt guilty for even hoping Jazz was a single

creator. His sparkmate deserved better than that.

Triage injected something into one of his lines and the aches he was feeling began to dull. It made him all the more aware of the changes to his sparkmark. He finally took the chance to look at it. The panel hiding it transformed back smoothly. Before, it had been a rich blue color, one that he now realized was the exact shade of Jazz's visor, yet now it gave off a warm glow. Prowl wondered if it was the color of Jazz's spark.

Triage barked out a laugh. "So who's the lucky mech? Please tell me it's not the bot you were just chasing down." He turned and shifted into his ambulance mode, crouching low on his tires so Prowl could climb into his bay.

"No, the musician. Jazz. His name is Jazz." Prowl ached all over, but he'd never felt better. He'd finally found his sparkmate.

Triage laughed as he pulled away from the scene. "I'll try and get you the room next to his in the medcenter."

Chapter 2: O stay and hear! your true-love's coming

Chapter Summary

Prowl's Flashback

Prowl did his best to dry off his face before he came in. Silverwing was going to fuss over him anyway (99.8%). He always did. Prowl knew the other younglings were never going to accept him. He knew he was weird and a glitch. *"Not a glitch," Silverwing would say. "Everyone's wired differently and you and they would do well to remember that."* Prowl was used to their bullying. It rarely brought him to tears. They'd found a new weak point today. Several younglings in his class had had their sparkmark come in recently. Prowl never expected to get a sparkmark at all (14.75%) Unfortunately, it made its appearance during outdoor recreation. The others surrounded him, jeering. Of course a glitch would have his sparkmark come in wrong.

Silverwing had fussed. And baked his favorite magnesium twists. "A sparkmark is a thing to celebrate, brightspark." Prowl sat at the table nibbling at his treat and decided that if bullies were lovable enough to have sparkmarks, then he was too. Maybe his sparkmark was weird because his sparkmate was weird. They could be weird together and never care about what anyone else said. Silverwing laughed when Prowl shared this thought and slid him another treat. Prowl hoped his sparkmatch liked magnesium twists too.

~~

Prowl tried to not let the bullies get to him. He could handle it if they made fun of him, but it was different when they made fun of his sparkmate. He knew the taunts couldn't hurt a mech who wasn't hearing them, but he still felt the need to defend his conjunx-to-be. Silverwing wasn't happy to be called in when he got into yet another fight at the academy.

There were no treats on the table when Silverwing sat him down this time. "I'm going to show you something. You're a bit young, but you're a clever little mech. Watch closely now." It was a small transformation sequence, barely a shift of plating. Silverwing ran through it several more times, more times than it would usually take for Prowl to pick up such a simple sequence. He'd been distracted by

seeing Silverwing's mark. Dull, faded, and gray, utterly unlike the brilliant living blue of his own mark.

"Picked up that little trick during the Lunar Campaign, from a mech from Tetrahex. They keep their marks hidden there. Just for their sparkmates to see." Silverwing smiled sadly. "Always thought it was a bit romantic."

Prowl was uncertain how to respond, so he copied what Silverwing did sometimes when Prowl was upset and patted his hand. "Thank you for showing me."

~~

"There's something for you on the table," Silverwing yelled from the kitchen when Prowl stepped through the door. Odd, exams were still a month away, so he wasn't expecting any treats.

The datapad was worn around the edges. The original color faded and chipped away to show the bare metal in some spots. The screen was intact, but a bit hazy. He could fix that with a bit of polish. It was a trick Silverwing had taught him. Which meant this datapad was new… for certain definitions of new. He powered it up.

A Beginner's Guide to Reading Music, Prowl frowned. He had no interest in music. Why would Silverwing give him this? He tapped to the next page and his engine nearly stalled. The marks on the page didn't match his sparkmark, but it was the same sort of writing. "It's music," he whispered. It wasn't wrong, it was music. "It's music!" he shouted. Silverwing didn't even scold him for yelling in the house.

~~

Prowl had poured over the bookfile Silverwing had given him until the batteries had worn out. He contemplated replacing them, but he wasn't sure if it would be worth it. As much as he had studied it, he still couldn't interpret his sparkmark.

The song was strange. It didn't follow a rhythm Prowl could discern, finishing off with an odd descending pattern. He couldn't map the notes to glyphs. If it was a message, he wasn't going to find it until he learned more.

Learning more proved difficult, however. The academy offered music classes, but they cost extra and instruments were expensive. Prowl's calculations showed that Silverwing would be unable to afford the extra expense without making sacrifices elsewhere. Prowl decided not to ask.

Instead, he made his way to the Archives. He read every text on music he could find. While the books on theory were interesting, he found nothing enlightening. Eventually, he drifted to looking up recordings of different music styles. If his research hadn't led him to his sparkmate, it had at least given him something he could talk to his sparkmate about.

~~

"Not everyone has a sparkmark," Tumbler said. "It's nothing to be ashamed of." Prowl wanted to scoff, but he couldn't afford to annoy any more of his coworkers. Prowl kept his mark hidden still. The taunts of his classmates still stung, all these years later. Though… Tumbler might understand being teased over his sparkmark, or marks, in Tumbler's case. Prowl had noticed at least three. None of them were Prowl's. It was just as well. Prowl didn't think he would like to share.

Letting Tumbler seduce him felt like a betrayal. But after years of loneliness, a hard case and a few drinks… It seemed like a good idea at the time. It was nice to be wanted, and who cared if it wasn't destiny? They fit together well.

Until Tumbler came in with one of his sparkmarks freshly aglow. Tumbler didn't understand why it bothered Prowl so much. It would have been easier if Tumblr had just dumped him for Mach. Prowl could have understood being dumped for a sparkmate. Tumbler had really thought nothing needed to change. That they could carry on with the bright reminder that Tumbler was seeing someone else. Prowl stuck by his earlier assessment. He did not like to share.

~~

Triage brought another round of drinks to the table. Prowl hadn't wanted to go out after his fight with Tumbler, but Nightbeat had overheard their fight and insisted on dragging him out with a few other mechs from their district. Drinking had been what got him into this mess in the first place. Somehow, it seemed right that this was where it ended.

Sometime between the fifth and the sixth round, when he still hadn't had a turn paying for drinks, he had an epiphany. These were his friends. The loneliness that had driven him into Tumbler's arms, which he'd feared would return, was being held back by a group of odd mechs he hadn't even realized he'd drawn around him.

Strongarm, their rookie, who was more literal in her application of the rules than even Prowl had been at that age. Nightbeat, who was a passionate investigator who didn't know when to quit. Triage, their medic, whose short temper made it difficult for him to work in a civilian med center. Cordon whose memory troubles meant he could never fly solo, was nonetheless an asset to their precinct. Somehow when he hadn't been looking, Prowl had made friends. He tossed back his drink and decided to do something even riskier than hooking up with Tumbler. "Did I ever tell you about my sparkmark?"

~~~

Tumbler… Chromedome left for Iacon with his latest sparkmate not long after. It made things a lot easier at the precinct. Prowl threw himself into his work. A street racing bust had led to a lead on a booster ring operating out of a nearby residential area.

One of the racers had taken a deal. Instead of jail and a fine, he would be placed in a program for recovering addicts and take remedial safety courses. The address he had given them was familiar to Prowl. He found himself driving to his childhood neighborhood in search of a mech known as Runner.
~~~

Chapter 3: Every wise man's son doth know

Chapter Summary

The Med Center

"Alright, you have a cracked strut, and there's been some strain on your left sensor panel joint. You'll need to take it easy, or you might dislocate it. I've put a nanite sealant on most of your scrapes, but you'll want to go in for a touch-up in about a week to make sure everything is sealed up properly. Standard two weeks leave, a month on light duty." Triage said, signing off on Prowl's paperwork. "How are you feeling?"

How was he feeling? Physically, he ached. His processor wasn't much better to be honest. Between the intense calculations, the near-crash, and the shock of meeting his sparkmate, he was out of sorts. "I'm fine," He lied. "Do you know where…" he wasn't sure he was allowed to ask where Jazz had been taken. Protocol took him off the case as soon as he was injured. He'd already forwarded the relevant files to Nightbeat while Triage was working on him. He ran his thumb over the mark on his wrist. It was warm and tingly, alive in a way he hadn't felt before.

Triage smirked at him. "I know you're off-duty but if you wanted to check in on the kid they brought in with you, he's in the second-floor waiting room." He turned to sort through the tools he'd used prepping the area for cleanup. "Just remember you are off-duty, and if you upset a patient, I will not only have you kicked out, but I'll make sure it's put on your record."

~~

Blue was the only one in the waiting room. Prowl stood back for a moment observing him. A viewscreen played quietly in the corner, displaying some youngling program Prowl was unfamiliar with. Blue ignored it, focusing instead on the instrument case he held close. His winglets kept hitching periodically, and Prowl realized he was crying still. Just more calmly and quietly than before.

Prowl couldn't linger in the hall any longer and made his way over to crouch down next to where Blue was sitting. "Hello, Blue. Do you remember me?"

“It’s Bluestreak.” Bluestreak hastily wiped the tears from his faceplate. “Only Jazz calls me Blue. You’re the enforcer from the–. From earlier.”

“I am. May I sit with you?” Bluestreak didn’t object, so Prowl took the seat next to him. “Have they told you anything about how your creator is doing?”

“Jazz isn’t my creator.” Bluestreak looked away, staring almost intently at the corner of the room. “My creators died in a crash. I…” Bluestreak’s breath hitched, and Prowl placed a comforting hand on his shoulder. “I live in a youngling center near the park. Jazz is…” Bluestreak sniffled again. “Jazz is my friend.”

Prowl nearly froze up. Jazz clearly cared for Bluestreak. A creation bond was a logical assumption. But this new information made its own sort of sense. A lonely youngling, passing through the park each afternoon when the academy let out. Silverwing had always taught him to be polite to the vendors and entertainers that worked there. Prowl had fond memories of the chipped fluorite vendor who had always snuck him a little extra when he’d saved up enough to buy the treat. Suddenly it clicked in his processor. “You’re Silverwing’s newest foundling.”

“How did you know?” Bluestreak whipped his head around to look at him. “Oh! You’re Prowl. You’re Silverwing’s favorite.”

“Silverwing doesn’t have favorites.” Prowl was just the only one of his foundlings not to find a new family. Silverwing had pictures of all his younglings scattered about his home, and if there were more of Prowl, that was the only reason. He loved every little one that walked through his door.

“That’s what Silverwing said too.” Bluestreak laughed for a moment before his optics went wide. “Am I in trouble? Is Silverwing going to send me away?”

“No. You’re not in trouble. But we should call before Silverwing worries too much. He always worries.” Prowl smiled fondly. Some things never changed and his mentor had always been a fussy old mech.

Bluestreak had never made a joint comm call before and Prowl walked him through setting his comm suite up with the appropriate safety warnings. Silverwing answered before the second ping. “I can’t talk right now, dear. The little one didn’t come home from school and I….”

Prowl couldn't help but smile. Silverwing never changed. Bluestreak had only been in his care for a short time but Prowl could already tell how much Silverwing adored him. "It's alright," Prowl interrupted. "Bluestreak is with me."

"Oh thank Primus." The thump as Silverwing collapsed into the nearest seat was audible over the line. "He's not in trouble, is he? He's a good kid, Prowl."

"I'm not in trouble, sir. Prowl said so." Bluestreak piped up. "I'm sorry I worried you. Something happened on the way home and I…– I…–" Bluestreak started sniffling again. Prowl hugged him tightly with his good arm.

"Oh, Sweetspark, it's alright." Silverwing crooned. "I'm just glad you're safe, and that Prowl is watching out for you."

"He wasn't hurt." Prowl felt it was important to lead with that. Silverwing had worried enough today. "His friend was injured pushing him out of the way of a speeding driver. We're at the med center now, waiting to see how he's doing."

"Jazz. It was Jazz." Bluestreak spoke up. "I asked you to help me make treats for him. Remember?"

"Yes, I remember, the musician from Polyhex. I'm not that old." Silverwing laughed. "He likes the magnesium twists best? Right? I'll whip up a batch special for him and you stay there with Prowl."

Bluestreak sighed in relief. "I can stay?"

"You can stay. There's no school tomorrow and your friend shouldn't be alone. I doubt his family can come soon." Jazz had no doubt earned a special place in Silverwing's spark for saving Bluestreak. Jazz's family may not be in Praxus, but he'd just found a new family with that one action.

Silverwing and Bluestreak said their goodbyes, but Silverwing stayed on the line with Prowl a moment longer. "He lost his creators in a crash. If it looks like his friend is going to take a turn for the worse, you call me right away."

Prowl didn't want to think about Jazz not making it. "He was stable at the scene." His tac suite spit back reassuring percentages. "But I will call you if anything changes." Jazz would be fine. He had to be fine. Prowl wasn't going to lose his sparkmate the same day he met him.

~~

A nurse came in and seemed surprised to see Prowl, so he introduced himself. “I’ve been asked to take temporary custody. What can you tell us about Jazz?”

The nurse smiled and introduced herself as Lifeline. “They’re moving Jazz to a recovery room. He’s expected to make a full recovery, but they want to keep him under observation until they’re sure his boot-up is clean. I can take you back there now.”

After they were settled in Jazz’s room and the nurses left, Bluestreak turned to Prowl with wide optics. “I can’t believe you lied to her.”

Prowl smirked. “Did I? I do have temporary custody of you, as per our agreement with Silverwing.”

“But she still thinks Jazz is my creator.” Bluestreak looked nervously at the door as if the nurses would sweep in any moment to kick them out.

“I could have told her you weren’t Jazz’s creation. It is my fault everyone thinks so. If Jazz doesn’t want us here when he wakes up, we’ll leave, but I’m certain,” (98.34%) his tactical suite spit out, “that the first thing Jazz will want to know when he wakes up is if you’re okay.”

Bluestreak fidgeted in his chair but stopped looking at the door. Instead, he seemed to be studying Jazz intently, as if to make sure he was alright. “He saved me once before. Not from a crash like this. Just some bullies from school.” Bluestreak reached out carefully to hold Jazz’s hand. “He’s the nicest mech I know. I never wanted him to get hurt ‘cause of me.”

“He wasn’t hurt because of you.” Prowl almost blamed himself. But no. He had no control over other mechs’ actions. “The only one to blame is the mech that almost hit you.”

“I’m glad you were there to save Jazz.” Bluestreak leaned closer to Prowl, snaking an arm around Prowl to hug him sideways.

Prowl put his arm around Bluestreak’s shoulder and squeezed back. “I’m glad I was too.” There was no guarantee things would have been different if he hadn’t been the one pursuing the lead. He was not

happy Jazz had been hurt, but he was so glad he'd finally found him. "Would you tell me more about Jazz?"

Bluestreak nodded. "I walk through the park every day after school," he began. It felt a bit like cheating to learn about his sparkmate this way, but Prowl didn't think he would get tired of hearing about Jazz anytime soon.

Bluestreak talked and talked. About Jazz, and eventually about school and what he thought about living with Silverwing. Eventually, he trailed off, leaning heavily against Prowl. He'd fallen into recharge mid-sentence. It was adorable really. Prowl caught his hand as it slipped away from Jazz's so the sudden drop didn't wake him up. He was tempted to hold Jazz's hand himself but it didn't seem appropriate just yet

With Bluestreak sleeping, Prowl pulled out his datapad and settled in to work a little. There were always files to sort and forms to fill out. Unfortunately, Triage worked quickly and soon Prowl found himself booted from the precinct's system with a stern message about medical leave.

A nurse came in to check on Jazz and quietly brought over a blanket for him to tuck around Bluestreak. The youngling sighed and shifted closer. Prowl couldn't help but smile a little. He'd already grown very fond of Bluestreak in the short time they'd known each other.

With his datapad locked out of work, he opened a novel he'd been trying to read but could never find the time for. Tremor had recently released the fourth book in the series, but Prowl had barely started on book two. He had time now. Though… he peeked over the edge of his datapad to look at Jazz. If Jazz wanted to spend time with him, his medical leave might be busier than usual.

Prowl was thoroughly engrossed in his novel. He was sure he'd figured out who the killer was, but the romantic subplot was still tantalizingly unresolved. Prowl shifted his dooorwings, flinching as the one on his left gave a twinge. Something had drawn him away from his reading and back to the waking world. He lowered the datapad and realized Jazz's visor was lit up.

"Hey there," Jazz murmured, smiling gently at him.

Prowl's spark felt too big for his chamber and he could feel his sparkmark warming at the sound of Jazz's voice. "Hi," he said, and nearly winced at his own awkwardness. Finally face to face with his

sparkmate, and all he can think to say is ‘hi’.

Jazz just grinned and pushed himself up to a sitting position, looking around the room. “So let me guess. This is where you tell me we’ve been bonded for years and adopted the sweet little youngling that always brings me treats and I just have amnesia?”

Prowl let out a short startled laugh. “We met earlier today,” No, wait. He checked his chronometer. “Yesterday now.” He looked down to where Bluestreak was sleeping draped over his chair and half into Prowl’s lap. He had been thinking of how they might all fit together as a family when he thought Jazz was Bluestreak’s creator. The idea of building a family with his sparkmate was surprisingly appealing. “I would be happy to arrange all of that, except for the amnesia.”

“Just as well. I’d hate to miss out on getting to know you.” Jazz smiled at him again and Prowl hoped he could always put that smile on Jazz’s face. He held out his hand. “I’m Jazz, by the way.”

“I know.” Did that sound creepy? It probably sounded creepy. His tac suite started churning in the background. It always struggled with social calculations. Jazz didn’t seem put off though, so that was a good sign. “I’m Prowl,” He said, reaching to clasp Jazz’s hand in his own.

Prowl hadn’t considered that it was the wrist with his sparkmark on it until Jazz was gently turning his hand over to look at it. He had kept it uncovered. Jazz frowned, running his thumb over the flowing notes. The touch was electrifying, Prowl nearly missed what he said. “Rico’s never going to let me live this down.”

“Rico?”

“Ricochet. My brother, my twin.” Jazz traced over Prowl’s mark again and Prowl tried not to shiver at the sensation. “Took me forever to get the last few notes right and here I go and don’t even finish.” Jazz kept hold of Prowl’s hand, turning it back over to rub his thumb over Prowl’s knuckles instead.

“There’s more to it?” Prowl was intrigued. He’d had so many questions about his mark and now they could finally be answered. “I knew it was musical notation, but I could never figure it out.”

“Polyhexian spark song.” Jazz sang for him again. It didn’t have the same effect on him as before, but Prowl thought he would love to hear Jazz sing for him forever. Jazz turned his wrist to show off his own

mark. “It’s how I knew I’d have to come looking for you. Every ‘Hexie has a sparksong.”

Prowl was glad Bluestreak had already pulled the chairs close to Jazz’s berth. There was no way he could scoot closer without waking up Bluestreak now. “Would you tell me more?”

Jazz’s smile was radiant. “I can do that. When do you need to get Blue home?”

“We can stay as long as you need us.”

“Careful there. With an offer like that, I might just keep you forever.”

Prowl did not think he would mind that at all.

Chapter 4: O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?

Chapter Summary

Jazz's Flashback

“A little higher on the last note there, Jazz. And Rico, you’re still starting too low. Let’s try again.” Punch chirped the tune at them again. Jazz and Ricochet dutifully tried to copy him. He reached over and patted them both on their heads, between their audial horns. “Good enough, for now, sweetsparks. Let’s see about getting dinner.”

Jazz took Punch’s left hand while Ricochet grabbed his right as they headed for the tiny kitchen in their little apartment. “Cre-Cre, what if I don’t get my song right when I finally meet my match? Will they still know it’s me?”

Punch helped Jazz up into his chair, and cupped his face with one hand. “Your sparkmatch will know you even if you forget your song. Their mark will glow bright and warm with your love. But you still need to practice. You wouldn’t want your sparkmate to have a sour note in his mark, would you?” He tweaked Jazz’s audial and settled Ricochet in his chair before going to fetch the oil soup that had been bubbling away on the stove all day.

~~

Jazz’s wrist itched. He didn’t dare look at it. Several of their classmates had already had their sparkmarks come in. Maestro made it very clear what he thought of interruptions and distractions in his class. Ricochet had already gotten them in trouble once today, and Crea would be furious if they had detention again. He liked this teacher, he really did, but the class seemed thrice as long as usual. Jazz was ready to bolt by the time the day ended.

Ricochet had to scramble to catch up to him and Jazz slapped his hand over his mark before his brother could catch a glimpse of it. Ricochet rolled his head in a way that let Jazz know he was rolling his optics behind his visor. “Let me see.”

“Let me get a chance to look at it first, Primus.” He brought his wrist up close to his face, peeking beneath his cupped hand so only he could see. Jazz stared, mesmerized by the bright red marks.

Ricochet nudged him. “Come on, let me see. Are they tone-deaf or something?”

“Or something,” Jazz murmured, letting his twin see finally. “It’s not a spark song.”

~~

“Are you injured?” Jazz didn’t know what to make of his sparkmark at first. It had caused quite a stir among his agemates until his Creator had gifted him a stretchy performer’s bangle to cover it up. Ricochet had taken to wearing one too and it had become something of a fad.

He really hadn’t considered the meaning of the words until Rico tried to talk him out of a dare. “Don’t be stupid. You’ll get hurt.”

“Are you injured?” The first words his sparkmate would say to him were words of concern. When he meets his sparkmate he’s injured or doing something that could injure him. Suddenly the prospect of hurting himself doesn’t seem so dire.

He doesn’t meet his sparkmate when he went tumbling from the playground equipment. Or when he falls trying to scale the side of their school building. Or after any of the many numerous escalating dares his friends threw at him.

~~

It wasn’t the first time Jazz had woken up in a med center. He hadn’t woken up with quite the same processor ache before though. The lights were too bright, swimming in front of his optics. He didn’t realize his visor had been removed until it was gently slipped back into place. “I had to bring your spare from home. The one you had on was shattered beyond repair. You can’t keep doing this, sprocket. I can’t keep watching you do this.”

With his visor in place, Jazz could see Punch sitting next to him. Ricochet was slumped in a chair in the corner of the room, maybe pouting, maybe sleeping, Jazz couldn't tell. "Sorry, Crea. I…" What had he been doing before he ended up here? He tried to recall but it only left his processor swimming. "I'm sorry." His creator had a point. It couldn't be good that he didn’t even remember how he got hurt. “I’ll be more careful. I promise.” He wasn’t going to meet his sparkmate if he got himself killed foolishly.

~~

Jazz looked down at the pile of stuff on his berth. If he wanted to bring his electro-bass with him, and there was no way he was leaving his electro-bass behind, he could only bring what fit in his subspace. The transport fees for extra luggage were just too much.

“So you’re really going?” Ricochet was leaning in the door frame watching Jazz sort through his things.

“I have to.” Jazz picked up a simple crystal reed flute, turning it over in his hands. It was a children’s toy of an instrument really, but he’d always enjoyed the soft sweet sounds he could coax from it. He put it in his subspace and turned to look at his brother. “My sparkmate’s not going to be in Staniz. Probably not anywhere in Polyhex. I gotta go find them.”

“Just promise me you won’t go jumping off a roof or something stupid while I’m not there to watch out for you,” Ricochet huffed. It was cute how his brother worried.

“That was once,” Jazz teased. “I’ve learned my lesson.” Jazz went over and pulled Ricochet into a reluctant hug. “I promised Crea I wouldn’t be as reckless. I can’t promise I won’t get hurt, but it won’t be because I was being stupid.”

“Fine, fine.” Ricochet finally hugged him back. “I feel bad for your sparkmate. You’re going to be a wreck when you finally meet.”

~~

Triax was Jazz’s kinda place. The air buzzed with radio waves in a way that made his plating tingle and he found he could tune in to boosted signals from all over Cybertron. Lucky for him, being able to hear concerts from far-off places like Kallis and Tetrahex didn’t stop bots from enjoying a live performance.

Busking wasn’t anything new to Jazz. It was a time-honored tradition in Polyhex to get your start playing on the public street corners and parks. Triax hadn’t been all that different and he found himself a nice little niche to play in near one of the nicer shopping districts.

Jazz had always enjoyed playing for younglings, even though most of them couldn’t tip more than the occasional goodie. They made for a lively and engaging audience. It took him a while to notice this one though. He hovered towards the edge of Jazz’s crowd, circling idly. He stuck around even after Jazz finished playing and the crowd dispersed.

Jazz didn't see anyone the youngling might be with so he picked up his case and went to speak with him. "Ya lost, little mech?"

"Lost? No." The youngling tilted his head and studied Jazz. "I think you should come with me," he said and then turned and started walking.

Jazz wasn't sure what was going on with the kid but he followed him anyway, away from the shopping area and into the business district. Jazz didn't recognize the building they went to but once they were inside Jazz realized it was a recording studio. He'd recognize one of those anywhere.

A boxy orange mech came out of one of the booths and the youngling ran towards him. The kid jumped at and transformed, slotting neatly into the orange mech's chest. Not a youngling after all, but a symbiote. Jazz tried to not look too startled. The carrier mech looked at Jazz tilting his head in the exact same way his mini-con had. "Can I help you, mech?"

"I don't know. The little guy asked me to follow him and I just wanted to make sure he got home safe." Jazz had never felt so confused in his life.

"Hang on a sec. I'll see what she was up to." His optics staticed over and soon he was grinning and nodding his head as if listening to music. "She heard you playing and remembered I'm looking for a bass player. Want to jam and see if it works out?"

Things worked out great. Jazz started playing with Blaster and his band regularly. They had a regular gig in one of the local pubs and Blaster had free run of the recording studio, so they could lay down some tracks.

But there was more of Cybertron to see and he had his sparkmate to find. Reluctantly, Jazz started packing up again. Saying goodbye was almost as hard as leaving home had been.

~~

Crystal City was beautiful. And difficult to navigate. The hoops he had to jump through to get a permit to play were ridiculous. His funds were running low by the time he walked away with a busking license and a list of approved locations and times he could set up.

He was beginning to regret not staying in Triax. But Blaster had

forwarded him some copies of the recordings they had worked on and he was able to sell a few to some of the bots that stopped to hear him play. He was doing alright, and was saving up to move on, to his next destination.

Not long ago, he sold a copy to a worker with a dark green paint job, and he was surprised to see the mech return to the cafe he was playing at with a Towers' mech in tow. The Towers' mech was clearly trying to be casual, but the mere presence of the noble shifted the vibe of the room. Jazz kept playing and the two mech sat down near him, continually glancing over at him as they chatted.

Jazz spent the rest of his set trying to recall any of his etiquette lessons from his school days. If nobles visited Polyhex, they certainly never traveled down to the little corner of Staniz Jazz was from. The noble made it easy for him though, bouncing up out of his seat to come talk to Jazz, as Jazz was putting away his bass. "That was a simply delightful performance. I am Mirage of Bellus Visus. Hound has been talking about you for ages. I simply had to come hear you play myself after he brought me your recordings. Tell me, would you be interested in playing at a bonding?"

"Uh." Jazz froze for a second. So much for making a good impression. Hound was smiling encouragingly at him over Mirage's shoulder so hopefully, he wouldn't flub this too badly. "I don't really have the full accompaniment for a bonding ceremony." The traditional set for a ceremony required at least a quartet. Jazz figured a Towers' bonding would need an entire orchestra.

Mirage wrinkled his nose. "No, don't worry about that." He waved his hand dismissively. "The temple has its own musicians for the ceremony. We're looking for someone for the reception." Mirage glanced over to Hound. "The party afterward is the only thing my creators are letting us plan."

Well, didn't they make an odd couple? Jazz had been so busy fretting over not offending the noble to notice how he was holding Hound's hand, and how their glowing sparkmarks glittered, barely concealed by how closely their arms were twined. "A party I can do. Why don't we sit down and you can tell me what exactly you're wanting for this shindig."

By the time they hashed out the setlist they were looking for, Jazz had been given both their comm codes and an invitation to the wedding.

The central temple of Crystal City was gorgeous and Jazz could see why it was one of the big tourist destinations. The music was indeed performed by a full orchestra and Jazz was admittedly a little jealous they got to play in a place with such incredible acoustics. It was a shame they were stuck with such a dull traditional score.

The ceremony was beautiful and boring. Most mecha pared down the ceremony to the basics but Jazz wasn't surprised Mirage's creators were stodgy traditionalists. Jazz found himself rubbing his thumb over his own unmatched mark, thinking about what he'd like for his own bonding ceremony someday.

The reception was more to Jazz's speed and he found himself having a great time. There was a pretty clear divide between Mirage's people and Hound's people, especially with the older crowd, but the younger set was happy to mingle and dance. Jazz thought Crystal City would be talking about this bonding for years to come. It was a shame he wouldn't be sticking around to see how it went.

The fee Mirage had paid him was enough to get him a ticket to Iacon, and the tip he'd pressed into his hands at the end of the party was enough to give him time to settle in without the same stress he faced when he first came to Crystal City. Surprisingly, he was going to miss the place.

~~

The Great Dome of Iacon was an incredible sight. One couldn't just walk into the Dome and through the shining spires it protected, but a lively community had sprung up around the base of the Dome. After Crystal City, Jazz figured that was more his scene.

Jazz found himself with a gig at an oil house that was so out of place, it looked like Iacon had sprung up around it. The atmosphere was warm and friendly, homey in a way he hadn't felt since he left Polyhex.

All sorts of mechanisms washed up there. Jazz was amused to find himself interrogated about his travels by an overly excited archivist. Orion worked inside the Dome, at the Hall of Records, but lived out here, not far from the oil house. He could have afforded a place inside the dome, but he was saving up to do some traveling himself.

It didn't take long for Orion to become a good friend. He even let Jazz stay with him while his own place was being fumigated for scraplets. One night during his stay, they stayed up late chatting and showed

each other their sparkmarks. Orion's was a snippet of poetry and he pointed out the Tarnish and Kaonite dialect markers that made him eager to leave Iacon and go exploring. Orion had hummed thoughtfully when he looked at Jazz's mark, but he said nothing.

Jazz didn't think much of it after he'd moved back to his own flat, But one day, weeks later, Orion stopped him on his way to the oil house for the evening, grabbing his arm and said one word, "Praxus."

"Hu–what?" Jazz expressed his confusion gracefully.

Orion pulled Jazz's wrist up, his sparkmark covered with a spangled red bracelet today. "I thought the dialect markers were unusual on your mark. So I looked into it. The "you" is an archaic formal version, but it's still used in one place. Praxus."

"I need to go to Praxus. I…" Did he have enough saved up for a ticket? He hadn't been doing too badly here. Old Macadam paid well enough and the tips were alright, even if renting was a bit expensive.

Orion pressed a data chit into his hand. "I got you a ticket. The day after tomorrow, and the paperwork you'll need to stay in Praxus. You just need to fill out some of the details."

"Orion, you can't," Jazz sputtered. "What about your Tarnish poet?"

"They can wait. I can wait." Orion grabbed both of Jazz's hands, squeezing them excitedly. "I'm so happy for you, my friend."

~~~

Praxus was different from anywhere else Jazz had been. He was stared at a lot. It took him a bit to realize that while Praxians came in many forms, they were undeniably Praxian with their wings and chevrons. He stood out as a foreigner in a way he hadn't in other cities. He debated tweaking his transformation sequence to give him wings, but the stares he got weren't that bad.

The paperwork Orion gave him set him up well. He'd found a great spot to play at the edge of a park nestled between a residential area and a shopping district. He had found the Praxians standoffish at first, but the park had the air of a festival market. The nearby food vendors would sometimes give him discounts, and he made sure to find out what their favorite songs were.

Jazz's favorite time of day was when the nearby Academy let out. The
~~~

park would be filled with younglings, their doorwings almost too large for their frames. He wouldn't get many tips unless a creator or two was accompanying their little one, but he had fun playing for such an enthusiastic little audience.

One day, he noticed a youngling he hadn't seen before lurking at the edge of his audience. Jazz couldn't say why the youngling caught his attention, perhaps the cant of his doorwings, but something made him keep an optic on the little one whenever he came through the park.

His careful observation turned out to be a good thing when a few days later some of the other younglings were pushing the kid around at the edge of his audience. Jazz stopped playing his bass with a loud twang from one of the strings. He pointed at the little bullies yelling, "Hey, we don't do that here!" in his best imitation of one of his old instructors. It worked, the bullies immediately dashing off, leaving the wide-eyed youngling staring at him. "What's your favorite song, kiddo?"

The kid flushed at the attention on him and answered shyly, "Do you know the one about the lost, dancing star?" Jazz knew several versions of that one and immediately plunged into playing the Praxian variant to draw attention back to him, away from the shy little youngling.

The next day the kid approached him as he was finishing up a song. "I know I'm supposed to bring tips, but I don't have any shanix. My… my mentor helped me make these," He held up a little container of treats. "Do you like magnesium twists? They're my favorite." Jazz grinned as the shy youngling transformed into a little chatterbox.

"Wouldn't you know, magnesium twists are my favorite too." Jazz took one of the treats out, breaking it in two to share with the kid. "I'm Jazz. What's your name?"

"I'm Bluestreak." For a moment the shyness was back before Bluestreak took the offered treat. "Thank you for helping me yesterday."

"No problem, my mech. They bother you again, just come find me. Okay?" Jazz patted Bluestreak's head when he nodded, still chewing on his treat. "Let me play the Polyhexian version of that song you requested yesterday, you can tell me which you like better."

Blue stopped by after school most days, with the occasional treat. And sometimes Jazz returned the favor, buying him some chipped fluorite.

Bluestreak preferred the green fluorite, but Jazz liked the rainbow fluorite best.

Slowly any shyness melted away and Blue opened up about losing his creators and not fitting in at his new academy. The kid just needed someone to talk to, and Jazz was glad he could be there for him. He certainly knew a thing or two about fitting in in a new place.

Jazz was mid-song when Blue walked by after school got out. He waved at Jazz and went to cross the street. Jazz watched as he waited for the light. Blue had just stepped into the street when Jazz first heard the wail of enforcer sirens. The Praxians around him hadn't even started to react to the sirens when Jazz dropped his bass and dashed towards the crossing.

Chapter 5: Present mirth hath present laughter

Silverwing insisted they bring Jazz over when he was discharged from the med center. He believed, and Prowl agreed, Jazz shouldn't be alone so soon after an accident like that.

Bluestreak dragged Jazz around the dwelling, showing off his favorite spots. Prowl tried not to be too embarrassed when Jazz stopped in front of one of Silverwing's photo walls. His graduation from the Enforcer program was on this wall. Jazz reached up and touched the frame. "Got some awards I see."

"I was at the top of my class." Prowl was sure he still had the honor drapes they had given him tucked away somewhere. Silverwing had been so proud of him. Prowl had just felt awkward the whole time. They made him give a speech. He hated public speaking.

Eventually, Bluestreak led them to the dining room. Dinner wasn't quite ready yet, but Bluestreak had to set the table. Jazz took the time to admire some of the crystals on the shelves. "These the singing crystals y'all brag about so much?"

"Yes." Prowl picked up the small acoustic resonator that was set on the shelf next to the crystal pot. He gently struck the tines along the edge of the shelf, and the small fork chimed a pure tone. He waved the fork gently over the crystals and they began to glow softly as they echoed back the chime.

Prowl handed the resonator to Jazz, who looked it over carefully before leaning forward to sing to the crystal instead. He ran up and down a scale and then started a simple wordless tune. The light of the crystals reflected from his visor and Prowl tried not to gasp at how beautiful he looked.

Silverwing did gasp when he came in with dinner. "Oh, that's just lovely. I'll have to get you a few cuttings before you leave."

"That's very kind of you, but I don't know the first thing about growing crystals." Jazz declined politely, sitting down at the table across from Silverwing.

Prowl took the seat next to Jazz. "I could show you." Prowl shocked himself with his offer. "If you'd like, that is."

Jazz smiled brightly at Prowl, reaching over and squeezing his hand. “I think I’d like that, Prowler.”

“Prowler, huh?” The amusement in Silverwing’s voice was palpable. “Is there something you two want to tell us?”

Prowl looked over at Jazz and Jazz squeezed his hand again reassuringly. “Jazz is my sparkmate.”

Silverwing’s optics went wide and he congratulated them both. He got up and fetched some gold sprinkles so they could celebrate. Prowl supposed most people would celebrate with engex, but he found he preferred this quiet family moment.

With some prodding, and several interjections from Silverwing, Prowl told Bluestreak and Jazz about getting his mark. Bluestreak listened quietly for most of the story. “So your mark came in strange too?”

Prowl’s spark melted. He’d barely known Bluestreak for a day and already he cared so much for him, they had so much in common. Before he could reassure Bluestreak, Jazz spoke up. “Having a strange mark just means your match is someone special.” Jazz grinned at Prowl. “I’m glad my mark wasn’t like everyone else’s.”

~~~

A trip to a growing center wasn’t a usual first date, but Jazz seemed excited to learn about growing crystals. Silverwing had pushed half a dozen cuttings on them after their dinner together. They were currently in a temporary setup in Prowl’s tiny kitchen until they got Jazz everything he needed to take care of them.

They were actually very good crystals for a beginner to start with. There were endless variations to try out with different growing mediums and solutions. Jazz trailed Prowl down the store aisle as Prowl talked about the effects and merits of each product and how they would affect the color and tone of the crystals.

Prowl realized he’d been all but lecturing when another customer passed them giving an odd look. Prowl flushed, setting the package of growth medium back on the shelf. “Sorry. I’m sure this is boring to you.”

“Nah, don’t apologize. I think I like seeing you excited about things.” Jazz picked up the next type of growing medium on the shelf. “Tell me about this one.”
~~~

~~~

Prowl swung by the park late in his shift, hoping to catch Bluestreak on his way home. And hopefully, see Jazz. But mostly he was there to walk Bluestreak home. To his surprise, Jazz had put away his electro-bass and was playing a small crystal flute. The tune he played was light and jaunty. He danced a few steps as he played, repeating the measure as Bluestreak copied his steps. With each repetition, the song grew longer and the steps more complex.

A few other younglings crept closer, a couple of the braver ones joining in their game. Soon the square was filled with giggles and tiny bouncing winglets. Jazz spotted Prowl and flickered his visor in a wink. Prowl smiled and waved at him. There was something about seeing Jazz surrounded by younglings that left Prowl's spark feeling warm and full.

Jazz ended the song with a flourish, the little ones falling down around him as they tried to keep up. Several of the creators clapped as the younglings picked themselves up, still giggling. Bluestreak darted in to give Jazz a hug. Prowl had the sudden realization that the warm feeling in his spark was the same warm feeling from his sparkmark whenever he was close to Jazz.

It was love. He loved Jazz.

~~~

It had taken some careful planning for Prowl to get everything arranged how he wanted. But Prowl was built for careful planning and he was sure (98.756%) that things would go smoothly. Today was the last day of classes before the students had a long break. Prowl had taken the day off and stopped by the park a little earlier than he normally would if he was walking Bluestreak home.

Jazz smiled brightly at him as he approached. "Got something special planned for Blue today?"

"I do." Prowl took Jazz's hand and kissed his cheek shyly. "I was hoping you might join us."

Jazz hummed playfully. "Playing hooky with my two favorite 'bots? Sounds like the perfect afternoon."

It took barely a moment for Jazz to pack up his bass, and for Bluestreak to skip up to them, immediately going for hugs.

“Silverwing said you had a surprise for me today. Are you coming too, Jazz?”

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world.” Jazz hugged Bluestreak tightly. “So can I treat y’all to some chipped fluorite, or is that going to spoil the surprise?”

They ate their chipped fluorite by the lilleth pond while Bluestreak talked about how his exams had gone, veering off into other topics as his processor flitted from one thing to the other. Several other families had the same idea. The air rang with sparkling laughter and lilleth calls. It was a perfect afternoon, and Prowl was tempted to forget all his careful plans.

Across the street from the park was a small cut-crystal shop. Its showy displays easily led optics away from a nondescript door that led to the lobby of the rest of the building. Prowl had a code for the door, as well as one for the elevator beyond.

The elevator let them out into a spacious but empty apartment. Bluestreak took off peering into rooms and opening cupboards. “This is neat. Are you planning on moving closer?” He didn’t wait for Prowl to answer, moving to look out the windows. Jazz shared a fond look with him as they watched Bluestreak’s antics.

“I put down a deposit this morning. Do you like it?”

“I love it,” Bluestreak exclaimed. “It’ll be nice to have you closer.” Bluestreak bounced a little as he found the window that looked out over the park. “Jazz, come look. I can see your spot from here.”

Prowl waited until they were both at the window before pulling the simple jewelry box and datapad from his subspace. Now was the moment of truth. He quietly lowered himself to one knee. “Actually,” His vocalizer clicked and reset. He was more nervous than he thought he would be. “I’d like it if we could all live here together.”

Jazz’s visor flared brightly when he turned around to look at Prowl. His digits trembled as he took the box from Prowl, but his smile never wavered. The bonding emblem inside had taken a long time to decide on. Prowl had sought advice from all his friends, and Silverwing, eventually making a long-distance comm call to Jazz’s brother Ricochet before he settled on something. Ricochet’s laughter had still been ringing in his audials when he made the purchase. But they hadn’t steered him wrong. “Yes. Yes. A thousand times yes.”

“You’re getting bonded!” Bluestreak cheered, nearly bowling Prowl over to hug him. “Can I be in the ceremony?” Prowl handed him the datapad he was still holding. “Is this my invitation?”

“Read it,” Prowl urged gently, tugging Jazz closer by the hand.

Bluestreak leaned against Prowl as he powered on the device. “Petition to adopt Bluestreak of Praxus, by Prowl of Petrex and Jazz of Staniz…” Bluestreak’s voice hitched as he read the words out loud.

Prowl stroked Bluestreak’s helm gently. “You can say no, if you want to. You can stay with Silverwing until you find another family and you’ll always be my little brother. But I thought…” he looked up at Jazz. “We thought we could try being a family together.”

Bluestreak didn’t say anything at first, powering off the datapad and hugging it close. “Do you really want to adopt me? Even though I’m glitchy, and I talk too much, and I have to see a therapist?”

“Hey,” Jazz said softly, tilting Bluestreak’s chin up with one digit. “Do you know what the first thing I asked Prowl was when I woke up in the medcenter?” Bluestreak shook his head. “I asked if I had forgotten bonding to him and adopting you. And do you know what he said to me?” Blue shook his head again. “He said he’d arrange it, and look, he’s kept his promise.” Jazz knelt down pulling both of them into a hug. “We’ve always been a family. We’re just making it official now. What do you say?”

Bluestreak snuggled close. “Yeah. Yes. You’re both the best creators I could hope for.”

They sat on the floor of their new apartment chatting about decorating the place and what the bonding ceremony would be like. It wasn’t how most families got their start, but Prowl decided he didn’t want it any other way.

End Notes

Thanks for reading. Make sure to check out the other amazing work in the collection

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!